



# Bones

Bones - journal for the short verse  
no. 19  
March 15th 2020

Bauhaus -  
anchored ships that suit the wind

heavy bass the urban wilderness

the willow's

*birdglints*

fiberoptic

*of butterlight*

fronds

*shimmerglide*

a hypothesis  
oozing off  
first thaw

veined stone  
could be window dressed  
for mastication

night goggles  
in the haunting distance  
a thought is it?

tidal maw  
all in but for a platoon  
of ribs



*contrived*

crepuscular moan diluted with milk still mawkish even with a witch's pheew

frost-devoured the name of a rose not just a notion Januari-ed

un-trapped glass eyes possibly crumbed blunder-debris

ocean discards split tongues wildly wagging about deliverance

whopping cough in a while nose stalactites pool under bulrushes

ashen dawn mid-wave an elegy lancing a sea crone

wind-shift rocks bedded limbs drowning with basic stars undocumented since

"decayed" scrawled on foreheads of swine basso-grinding a retort on loose snouts



doctor's widened eyes on the curves of ECG

the space because it is not scientifically proved

surely some day it will rain a holy river

candlelight  
the midnight hug  
of red parentheses

dry cough the lion dancer flinging lettuce

menstruation  
the screeching  
parrot



wrought ironclad alibis

drizzle matrix without the rattle element

the abridged version viral load

## *Nocebo*

The negative side-effects of a harmless substance work by suggestion.

torchlight  
running back  
to the hollow

*You Can't Tell Fire What to Do*

Firebugs attend burning houses like weddings—the making of one body.

first responder  
cool where the fireflies  
draw flame



silent crows flying to the edge of others' raucousness

more waiting before they consecrate the elements of gradualism



first day of spring  
the easing in each cell  
will teach you everything

appointed to sunless days a saint stays in the glass

pronouns first a reading from the Exodus

when to stop the cloud never gets clear

a hard scripture  
about the bread of presence  
drawing a fly



software updated to fry an egg with a smile

the button we never  
pressed fish under ice



that happy laughter in the distance always thin trees

stochastic erasures to provoke the blood in deep winter

in your town the story sold in slivers coated with hard plastic

starlings synchronize in salmon clouds over ice

those days of astral travel now just a skull in the bin

Baily's beads an orchard and its black fruit

cold as a stone is like a raindrop

further rotation severing the lunar limb





summer  
stillness  
and our  
napping  
and the  
sunlight  
ripening  
peaches

ex-con  
aircon  
sitcom

evening stars twisting the long arm of the law

down to the bone holding its own icicle sun

once bare trees spring to mind

the sound of the key turning in the navel

rubbing  
against your stigmas  
a pollen-covered bee



you sometimes die  
in the afternoon  
scent of pine needles

an ocean  
the sand  
an ocean

*clouds  
in the ocean  
the ripples*

the sky  
the sound  
of light

*waves  
from the sky  
crashing down*

the sand  
inside an ocean  
the sun

*the sky  
an ocean  
waves*

waves  
in the sun  
of sand

*clouds  
and the ocean  
the sound*

waves  
of sand  
the sky

*crashing light  
the sound  
of sand*

a grain  
of sand  
the sun

*the sun  
and the sky  
an ocean*

through the mouth of snowdrift a crow caws

shadows at flight  
a reckoning to behold  
under hoarfrost



briny bones  
a grand oasis  
in the black watch

a blueprint of forgotten faces as divine mosaic

next phase darkness reigns at the edge of reason

the well chilled hand  
will escape underground  
with permanent textures



do not lean on the water

godinink

circles of waterskippers reshape the trees

not even a clothespin on the line blue

technorunes  
reading the monitors  
in the er



in the lead-up to lent, the ego sets upon the narrow road leading to its crucifixion

southern seas

*hidden wounds*

El Niño beneath

*the dark night's*

the celestial stream

*stigmata of stars*

altar ego

*blank page*

a word for bread

*what species of tree*

broken apart

*died for this?*



pause within  
a pause

*figures in light*

does the gull  
crying above

*showing forth the obverse*

ensure the sea's  
sea-ness?

*in being observed*

"yes"

*a voice*

lighter than waves

*to lay all doubts*

the word

to bear

*to rest*

night terror

*all alone*

dream-decembering

*silence beats harder*

being

almost born

*lacking fulfillment*

a cat's eye

*through the dark night*

afflicted with

*the unseen looms*

metonymy

*eye to eye*

poetry reading

*word shadows*

the sounds of  
a hand-to-mouth

*adding weight to  
the gravity*

existence

*of their situation*

beginning again

*eyes never meeting*

wind dialogue  
with rain

*while  
all the time*

ocean  
with rock

*overlapping*

an ear

*at day's end*

poised to sip

*the horizon  
on the brink*

incoming silence

*of being  
afterglow*





sub  
cave  
emoji

fly  
tip  
ping  
point

no  
car  
toon  
catastrophe

arcane darkroom  
undead negatives

leftover bread a conspiracy behind cawing

stepping over the shadow that goes north

work:

just twig being a clown one lifetime

work:

otters playing cricket while the moon is a disk overripe



work:

radiator blues every eleventh pling a gargoyles giggle

apace for the duration bar tab

lost footing  
a finitude  
of polar bears

last tobacco pinches moonshine lies

Jackie Maugh Robinson



hearing a crack in the suicide

broken lips the kiss of sutures

rock in the stream  
water flowing left and right  
is still water



but moon

what shape  
do you

shift into

when  
new?

nowhere a smoke plume  
in the blue wash

of sky the  
pale runoff  
from a

sun  
rise

in all  
of the  
swaying  
a stem

the gypsy's  
horse

tethered to  
an open

field

nothing left everything

a rock  
waits

till no  
longer

left for  
dead

the word  
for moon

more moon  
in which

tongue

the bay mirrored half moon dusk



*Heaven  
& Earth*

coming  
down &

placing all  
trust in

the step  
just below

just below  
the above

within  
reach

*Sea Wall*  
*(in multiple*  
*exposures)*

the wall  
from the  
sea up  
over the  
wall from  
the sea

*Lightning Bug \**

some of twilight  
clasped

a palm glows  
phosphorescent

a darkness  
grows small



first swing a unicorn gives birth on the back lawn

preferred pronoun  
today, an ice cube  
for the orchid

did Ganga dream of being the city's sewage .?

montage and the god of small things

bouncing shadows  
in dialogue  
with sunshine  
long corridor



or the fish homes become everywhere

bone brothel

daybreak your form fading into cats

where the truth tendrils into horseshit into god

were that you were tomato bug

the embedded code permeating into the shape of an egg



pea pods pretending not to know



angels  
above

the  
path  
beyond  
beyond

dawn  
wind

what  
if  
    desire

what  
    if  
    what

if  
    what  
        if

why  
or  
why

not  
breeze  
ends

at  
the  
sea

*Beatles 2020*

all downhill  
an oil spill rainbow  
*The Fool on the Hill*

runaway bushfires  
ravage Australia  
*Cry Baby Cry*

police surveil  
peaceful protestors  
*It's Only Love*

royals opt  
for a simpler life  
*It's All Too Much*

COVID-19  
or Airbnb  
*Here There and Everywhere*

one war ends  
another begins  
*Misery*

polar ice calves  
into the sea  
*It Won't Be Long*

pitiless sun all in black the living

too slippery to peel a pregnant onion

the city can wait in the car park *the moldau* flows on

red light full blast snoop dogg vs ludwig van not even looking



unto or from  
hymns

for less than a warm body



crowd  
around the Internet campfire  
eating someone's leg

a dry age,  
the money locked high inside  
translucent institutions

giraffes  
live quietly now in the Midwest  
as orange daylilies

the horizon  
smoking a cigarette  
like a murderer

the missing  
two-holed button  
silently pleads

the money flows  
into the emptier rooms,  
revealing an elephant



remote viewing  
through a snowman's eyes,  
blackbirds

autumn fog her name not being autumn fog

autumn leaves mccoys was cooper

in the shade of jupiter Dolley serves ice cream

after turning its head the giraffe just stands there

autumn rain  
finding its nationality  
your suicide

Michael O'Brien

, whilst throwing snails at an apostle's tent,





*Incantation*

elder alder ash ...  
the litany of trees  
on the shoulders of

birch beech buckeye ...  
an incantation  
to begin with

linden laurel oak ...  
what strength  
in the name of

willow walnut hickory ...  
shaped by age into  
elder alder ash


anxiety an ocean the children begin to drift

city lights  
bodies that move  
bodies that don't

silent  
the bread slice  
with no mould

Robert Davey

cocktails  
she runs her fingers  
through her genes

 OWL of absence


aside emboldend upstrike

back breaking pot belly

sunrise E st

departures arrive crosscountry

ligature of shinning seas

 issnakessssssss

spineless,      sideways,      shadowless

begin and end with sibilants



one night stand with a shelf half as long

new thirst :: a hunter at a chasm

he was  
stone  
wood  
water  
empty

a dead jackal slips its corpse

the  
rain  
stood  
silent

so many of the old have often praised so many

so far

*it appears*

from

*the joke*

the quick  
and easy

*is the flight*

the oxen make this same flight

staying  
on the bus

you are

the  
refrain



tomorrow crushed by the weight

daylight saving clouds have their own say



first snow every time first snow

the daily transmutation of muscle into marble

a woman's work inside her locked spine

twilight. Every seed in his spine thirsted

a rifle. Cast grey from intermittent rain, this dawn

if consciousness is #1 lacquered bread

then she gulped a dark passage

tightening  
with every step  
the gorge





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